

THE GUIDON

MARCH, 1905



State Normal School

Farmville, Virginia

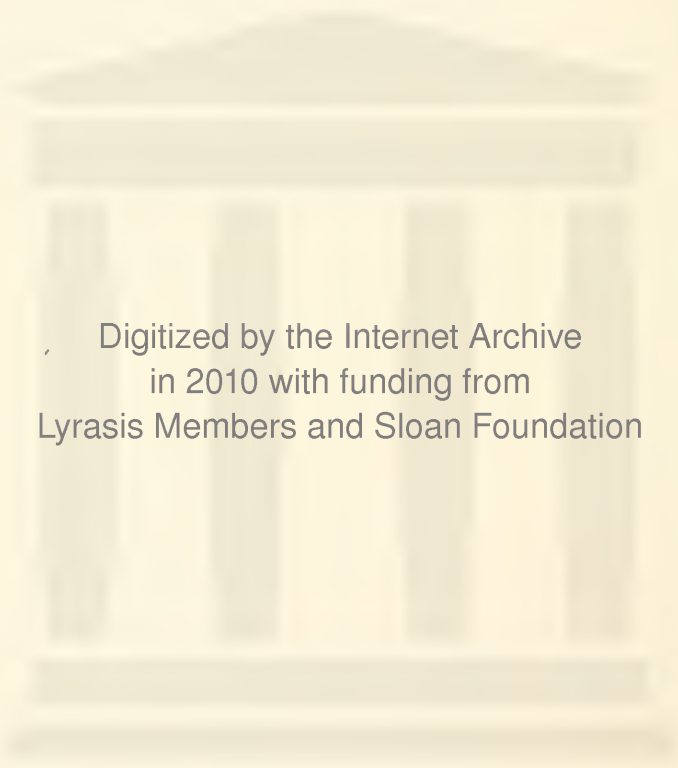
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"I stay but for my Guidon."—Shakspeare.

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THE GUIDON

"It were better youth
Should strive through acts uncouth
Toward making, than repose upon
Aught found made."—*Browning.*

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No. 2

The First American Book and Its Author.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, the founder of Virginia, was born in Willoughby, England, January, 1579. He was left a poor orphan when quite young, and before he was grown he served as a soldier in the wars in Flanders.

He wandered around over the continent for some years, and returned to England when he was twenty-five.

"He was young in years but old in experience, in suffering, and in those elements which lie at the foundation of greatness."

When Smith returned to England, James I had just begun his reign, and as Smith was very much interested in going to America, he was appointed by the King as one of the councillors.

On the twentieth of December, 1606, the three ships that were to sail straight to America wandered around the English coast for several weeks, waiting for favorable winds. After a longer journey than necessary, and having been tossed about by storms, they sailed up the bay which has been called "the noblest bay on the coast," and landed at Jamestown—April 26, 1607.

The country was very beautiful, so much so that one of the sailors exclaimed, "Heaven and earth never agreed better to frame a place for man's habitation."

On the voyage Captain Smith had been arrested by some of the leaders, and accused of trying to murder the other leaders

and make himself "King of Virginia." He remained under arrest till he was tried and acquitted by the first American jury.

The first year in Virginia was spent under many difficulties, contending with the Indians, and, worse than that, fighting fever and famine. During this time Smith was the only one who really gave service to the settlers. There were only a few of them left, and Smith secured food for them from the Indians and kept them alive through the summer. He really had done so much for them that he had the right to say of himself, as he said of Pocahontas, that "he, next to God, was still the instrument to preserve this colony from death, famine, and utter confusion."

We cannot help admiring him for his attention paid the colonists. When he had gone back to England he said of them, "By the acquaintance I have with them I call them my children, for they have been my hawks, hounds, my cards, my dice, and, in total, my best content, as indifferent to my heart as my left hand to my right."

Smith had a great deal of weight with the Indians. He was the one who secured food for them when no one else could do so. Many times he was aided by Pocahontas, and he wrote to the Queen recommending her to royal favor, and declared that more than once she had saved his life.

Smith belonged to the noble type of manhood of which the Elizabethan period produced so many examples—body and mind both active and cultivated, not too much or little bookishness, and a plenty of common sense along with it. He aspired to belong to this type of manhood, and once said of their virtues, "What their swords did their pens writ; though I be never so much their inferior, I hold it no great error to follow good examples."

One of his contemporaries wrote of him and his book on Virginia:

"Like Caesar, thou writest what thou hast done,
These acts, this book, will live while there's a sun."

Captain Smith wrote a great many books which refer to America, but only three of them were written while he lived in the Colony. The first one, "A True Relation of Virginia," is very interesting, not only because of its historical importance, but because it unquestionably is the earliest book in American

literature. It was written during the first year Captain Smith spent in the Colony, and gives a picturesque account of the events taking place at that time. It is supposed to have been carried to London by Captain Nelson in 1608.

The author tells little of the voyage, but begins to speak of his settlement, when it was made, and how the Indians first attacked their village. Then he tells of a tour of discovery that he made up the Chickahominy river, when he fell into captivity of the Indians, and speaks of the Chief Powhatan as being very friendly to him. He further states that his wife was in no danger at the hands of this Indian chief, and there is no situation in this first book on which to place the incident of the rescue from death by Pocahontas.

"The romantic view will commend itself to youthful readers, and may be the truth. As to the sentiment of Smith, there is no reason to suppose that he indulged in any romance in relation to the Indian maid. His life at Jamestown was hard and passionate; his days were spent in fighting the factors and defending himself from mutineers, and such a life is not propitious to love-dreams."

This story has lost historical credit, and is given up by critical students of early history.

Fiske says, Captain Smith's life really was saved by Pocahontas in the way described. It continues to be a mooted point by many.

While Smith was a prisoner, instead of being treated cruelly he was treated with utmost kindness, having a quarter of venison and eight pounds of bread for a meal. After being kept in this manner for some time, he was sent back to his settlement with four men to carry his bread and knapsack.

He tells of his return, and how glad his companions were to see him; of his second trip to Powhatan, and for the first time refers to Pocahontas, saying, "A child of ten years old, which not only for features, countenance, and proportion much excelleth any of the rest of his people, but for wit and spirit the only nonpareil of his country." After giving a few more experiences with the Indians, he concludes with an account of the preparations for his return to England and of the condition in which he left the Colony.

This book was not written under the same circumstances that the books of to-day are. It was not composed as a literary effort. It was meant to be for information for the people of London and stockholders of the London Company. It was really not a book, but a big letter, and though Smith did not intend it so, he really wrote the first book of the new English literature in America.

He wrote it face to face with peril; a group of cabins on the banks of the James river was the advance guard of civilization—a sentinel posted on the lookout; human wolves lurking around him ready to spring upon him at any moment; and life was a hard struggle with disease and famine. In the midst of such surroundings the characters of the adventurers grew robust and earnest, and the traits are reflected in his writings. They are such as might have been expected: rude and forcible compositions, without the polish and nice finish which are results of a ripe civilization; but full of passion and a brusque vigor. The involved sentences often stumble; but the thought is there, and not to be mistaken. The sharp phrases cling to the memory; for the writer has had no time to round his periods and dilute its meaning. The earnest man is seen scratching the quick pages in the hut in Jamestown; his sword is lying beside him, and what he writes is to go in the ship which will sail to-morrow for England. He will be fortunate if the Indian war-whoop does not burst in suddenly and terminate his literary occupation."

Though it was very crude, it told the story, and we are all glad it should be the first American book.

When Smith returned to England he was thirty. After he had been there some time he went to New England and made a partial exploration of the country. He attempted another voyage, but was captured by the French, escaped, and returned to England. While he was on the French ship, he wrote a "Description of New England," and James I conferred upon him the title, "Admiral," of the country.

He spent his last year in London, working on his histories. He is said to have married and died in 1631.

This was the end of a remarkable life. The man was brave as a sword, full of energy, impatient of opposition, and had all the faults and virtues of the dominant class to which he belonged.

"He is said to have been cordial and winning in his manners," and critics even declare that he had a "prince's heart in a beggar's purse."

His aims were high, and his career shows that he regards Duty as his watchword. He was never idle; he believed in doing a thing when he meant to do it, not to determine to do it at some future time; and it is said he told his Colonists during the stay in America that if they did not work they must die.

One writer hails him as, "Dear noble Captain and loyal heart," another, "Wonder of nature, mirror of our clime," and a third, "I never knew a warrior but thee from wine, tobacco, debts, dice and oaths so free."

Smith was buried in St. Sepulcher's Church. His tomb bears this inscription, beginning, "Here lies one conquered that hath conquered kings," and ending, "With angels he might have his recompense."

MAUD MASON, C. L. S.



Spring.

Once again the joyous spring is here,
With all its warmth, and love, and cheer.
Once more the flash of blue birds wings is seen
Among the tall trees bursting into green,
And everywhere we hear the welcome sound,
 'Tis spring!

Among the grasses on hillside steep
The buds of crocuses so bright do peep,
Along the streams the willow catkins grow
Where limpid waters rush and seethe and flow.
And thus we know from everything around,
 'Tis spring!

Fragrant is the fresh and balmy air
With flowers a-blooming everywhere,
The perfume-laden wind among the trees
Goes whispering of birds and humming bees,
And everything proclaims with joy,
 'Tis spring.

'Tis spring without, spring within all hearts,
And many impulses for good now start;
For now our souls are filled with thoughts as true
And aims as high as the sky's changeless blue.
Our joy and happiness knows no alloy
 'Tis spring!

MARGARET L. STEPHENS.

A Search After Light.

IT WAS AUTUMN in the Western States of the Union; the trees were robed in golden and red; the grass was slowly fading and dying, the last rose of summer had drooped upon its stem and was dead. All the beauties of summer were slowly fading and the blackness of winter coming on. The Indian trappers predicted a severe winter, for the fur on the foxes' backs was thick, and the squirrels had laid up an abundant supply of nuts.

But in the hearts of the Sioux there seemed to be a shadow worse than the thought of coming cold could possibly have cast. Even a casual observer passing through their village might have been struck by the grave looks of the women and children as they silently went about their work. But stranger still, not a warrior was in sight. What did it all mean? Where could the warriors be?

"Our great chief holds a council to-day," the women would answer to such a query. But why do they linger so long? They entered that council room before the sun had risen above the eastern hills, and now it has almost reached the summit of the lofty western mountains, and still those braves remain in council. What important question is at stake? Surely it is not a question of war, for the Sioux are at peace with all of their neighbors; the warpath has been untrodden for many years. Surely it is not that. What then can it be?

Just as the sun was setting, the deer-skin curtain of the council wigwam was pushed slowly aside, and Great Serpent, the chief of the Sioux, walked out, followed by the rest of the warriors in single file. Not a man of them spoke, but each passed slowly to his wigwam. Meanwhile the women and children looked curiously on. What was the decision? That was the question that arose in the mind of each, but not one dared ask it. After the warriors had disappeared, then they also went to their wigwams and stillness reigned over the settlement of the Sioux.

Morning came, and with it five of the bravest warriors of the Sioux came forth from their wigwams, arrayed as if for a long

journey through the forest. They set out just as the sunlight blazoned the distant hill-tops. Where could they be going? Let us follow them. Three of them, young braves, seemed gay and happy as they marched along, ever and anon casting a longing glance into the depth of the forest beyond, as though they would like to plunge into its gloom, and sport fawn-like in its deep recesses. The other two were aged warriors, who marched slowly along, casting their falchion-like glances about them, as they were wont to do when on the warpath, for this had become with them a habit. They marched all day in a southeasterly direction, and when night came on, piled together some withered leaves, and laid them down to sleep. They were up the next morning before the sun rose, and on their way again. For thirty days they pressed on, for thirty nights they slept in the forest, with dried leaves for a mat, and the branches of the tall trees for a wigwam.

One night while four of the warriors slept, and one kept watch, there was a distant sound. The Indian laid his ear on the ground and listened; yes—it was the sound of footsteps; he quietly aroused his companions, who were all awake in a moment's time. Nearer and nearer came the footsteps; the Indians stood alert. Presently through the darkness glided a strange Indian; three, four, five, followed in quick succession. The bows of Great Serpent and his men were bent, the arrows flew thick and fast. The other Indians raised a terrible war-whoop and rushed onward, but two of their number having been shot down, they retreated a little and seemed to consult awhile; then with a cry of vengeance they rushed madly toward the Sioux, but all except one were killed, and he turned and fled into the woods, leaving Great Serpent and his men.

Now that their enemies were slain, each turned and gazed upon the others. Were any wounded? Yes—one of the young braves was vainly trying to conceal the blood that trickled from a wound in his right leg. "It is nothing," he said, as he saw the gaze of the others rest upon it.

Feeling that they had nothing to fear from the Indian who had escaped, they all lay down again, except Bright Eye, who now kept watch. But the wounded man could not sleep; he groaned in the agony of pain; but worse than the physical suffering was the thought that he would not be able to continue

the journey in the morning. In the agony of his thoughts he whispered a prayer to the Great Spirit; and then he fell into a peaceful slumber, which lasted until the bright beams of the morning sun found their way to his still unopened eyelids; for the other warriors, knowing that he was wounded, had let him sleep on in peace.

When he did awake he felt so free from pain that he thought surely he could go on with the rest, but when he tried to rise he could not. So he gave up all hope of continuing the journey. "Go on, and leave me alone," he said, in answer to an expression of sorrow on each of the faces gathered around him.

"No, Son, if we wish the Great Spirit to go with us we must not leave thee alone," said one of the aged warriors.

Then spoke up Bright Eye, "Leave me to find food for Little Deer while you continue the search."

"Thou hast spoken well, my son," replied Great Serpent. "We will go on, and mind thou art true to Little Deer as a brave warrior."

This having been decided, the two old warriors, and two of the young ones, once more began the onward march. Ten more days and nights they were in that great unexplored forest, and on the morning of the fortieth day after leaving their north-western home, they stood before the city of St. Louis.* They entered, and after frequent inquiries found their way to the office of the Chief Magistrate of the city. He received them hospitably; but as they stood before him looking so grave and solemn he could but wonder what their mission was; why these three strange Indians had come into the office of the Chief Magistrate of St. Louis; then the Chief advanced, slowly extending his right arm, and said, "In our home beyond the western hills we heard that the white man had a Book of God, we have come in search of that book." When the Chief of the Sioux uttered those words, the Chief Magistrate was astounded; he had no Bible. What was he to do? Wishing to obtain their favor he determined to try to turn their attention from the object of their journey by carrying them to places of amusement and interest.

After several days had passed thus, they prepared to depart; but before they left they went into the Council Room of the Great Fur Company to bid farewell to their entertainers.

* The population of St. Louis at that time was almost wholly Catholic.

One of the young warriors arose and said, "The Sioux heard in their home near the setting sun that the white man had a Book of God. They sent five of their bravest warriors over a march of one thousand miles to get that Book, but they found it not. You took them to where a man speaks with a strange tongue, but the Book was not there; you took them to where your young women dance, but the Book was not there; you took them to where your young men sing songs, but the Book was not there. We will go back without the Book. When we tell our people there is no Book, they will not say a word; they will turn sadly away. We will live on in darkness and die in darkness. Farewell."

The Indians turned and walked out; walked through the streets of St. Louis with a slow and solemn tread, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but with their eyes fixed straight ahead as if gazing into vacancy. They soon reached the forest, where they tramped on for fifteen days before reaching the place where they left the two young braves. When they reached the place, the appointed signal having been given, the two young warriors glided swiftly into sight, Bright Eye supporting Little Deer.

The travel-worn warriors looked sadly at them. "There is no Book," the elder said.

Little Deer quickly unfolded a corner of his blanket, and taking thence a little book, held it triumphantly before the warriors. No one spoke; from each eye there gleamed a look of joy.

"It is the Book," said Bright Eye. "A man who knows about the Great Spirit passed by, and learning for what we had come in search, gave us this Book, which he said is the Book of God."

All were silent, until Great Serpent said softly, "We will go back with the Book."

SALLIE E. JONES, C. L. S.

Something of What the Normal School is Doing in Virginia.

IT has been only twenty years since the Legislature of Virginia appropriated money with which to establish the State Female Normal School, an institution founded "by the State, for the State, and answerable to the State."

The first session there were only one hundred and ten students; now there are about five hundred. This shows that the parents of Virginia are realizing more and more that it is their institution and the place for their daughters.

Without hesitation we might say that the Normal School is doing more good in the State of Virginia than any other institution of learning within the borders of the Old Dominion. At first this may sound unreasonable, but when we remember that every year hundreds of girls go out pledged to do work in the State, and when we recall the nature of the work done by them, we will sanction this statement.

Each young woman who goes out from the walls of the State Normal School goes, as it were, as a missionary to do what she can for the youth of our State. In this way she reaches the masses of the people; she gives to children of all classes the best that is within her, quickens their intellect, and lays the very foundation for the prosperity of our nation. The Catholic church says, "Give me the first seven years of a child's life, and you may have the rest," again showing the importance of this period of plasticity.

We know a State is strong not in numbers, but in individuals, and every honest teacher has to a certain extent the making of the citizens of our country—morally, physically, and intellectually—because she helps to lay the foundation on which characters are built. What a responsibility! What an opportunity! The Legislature of Virginia is beginning to realize that the good done the masses in our State by the teacher is invaluable, and is furnishing money for larger buildings, so that more girls may attend the Normal School.

It is true that all of its students do not teach, but if they do not they shed their influence in other good ways. The simple fact that the Normal School is the largest school for girls in Virginia would show that it is doing the greatest good, for so great is woman's influence over man that a nation may be judged by its women.

LUCY MANSON, A. L. S.

A Soliloquy.

Tell me not that Normal School life,
Is a life to be despised,
'Tis the one of all vocations
We, its students, highest prize.

Not vain foolishness, and folly,
Is our destined end we pray;
But 'tis this, that each to-morrow
Brings us nearer teaching day.

In the world's broad field of knowledge,
We may then step boldly out
And to all the world proclaim it,
"I'm a teacher!" with a shout.

J. B. E.

Early Life of Marie Antoinette.

FEW of the inhabitants of this world have commenced life under circumstances of greater splendor, or with more brilliant prospects of a life replete with happiness, than did Marie Antoinette. She was a child of great vivacity and beauty, full of light-heartedness and ever prone to look upon the sunny side of every prospect. Her disposition was frank, cordial, and affectionate. Her mental endowments were by nature of a very superior order. Laughing at the restraints of royal etiquette, she, by her generous and confiding spirit, won the love of all hearts. Marie Antoinette was but slightly acquainted with her imperial mother, and could regard her with no other emotions than those of respect and awe; but the mild and gentle spirit of her father took in her heart a mother's place, and she clung to him with the most ardent affection.

When she was but ten years of age, her father was one day going to Inspruck upon some business. The royal cavalcade was drawn up in the court-yard of the palace. The Emperor had entered his carriage, surrounded by his retinue, and was just on the point of leaving when he ordered the postilions to delay, and requested an attendant to bring his little daughter, Marie Antoinette. The child, with her flaxen hair in ringlets clustered around her shoulders, was brought to her father. As she entwined her arms around his neck and clung to his embrace, he pressed her most tenderly to his bosom, saying, "Adieu, my dear little daughter. Father wished once more to press you to his heart."

The Emperor and the child never met again. At Inspruck Francis was taken suddenly ill, and after a few days' sickness died. The grief of Marie Antoinette knew no bounds. But the tears of childhood are soon dried. The parting scene, however, produced an impression upon her which was never effaced, and she ever spoke of her father in terms of the warmest affection.

Marie Antoinette related many amusing anecdotes illustrative of the petty artifices by which the scrutiny of the Empress was eluded. The copies which were presented to the Queen in evidence of the progress the child was making in handwriting

were all traced first in pencil by the governess. The child then followed with the pen over the penciled lines. Drawings were exhibited, beautifully executed, to show the skill Marie Antoinette had attained in that delightful accomplishment, which drawings the pen of Marie had not even touched. She was also taught to address strangers of distinction in short Latin phrases, when she did not understand the meaning of one single word of the language. Her teacher of Italian was the only one who was faithful in his duties, and Marie made very great proficiency in that language. The young Princess was extremely fond of music, but was not taught to play well upon any instrument.

Marie Antoinette was but a child—mirthful, open-hearted, and, like all other children, loved freedom from restraint. Under this tutelage she became free as a mountain maid. She smiled or wept as the mood was upon her. She was cordial to those she loved and distant and reserved toward those she despised. She prided herself upon her independence and recklessness of the opinions of others.

Marie Antoinette was beautiful and graceful and winning in all her ways. But this imperfect education, exposing her to contempt and ridicule in the society of intellectual men and women, was not least among the unimportant elements which conducted to her own ruin, to the overthrow of the French throne, and to that deluge of blood which for many years rolled its billows incarnadine over Europe.

The childhood of Marie Antoinette was probably, on the whole, as happy as often falls to the lot of humanity. As she had never known a mother's love she never felt its loss. In the palace of Schoenbrun and in the embowered gardens which surround that world-renowned habitation of princely grandeur Marie Antoinette passed many of the years of her childhood. Now, she trod the graveled walk, pursuing the butterfly and gathering flowers, with brothers and sisters joining in the recreation; now the feet of her pony scattered the pebbles of the path as the little troop of equestrians cantered beneath the shade of majestic elms. Such were the scenes in which the Princess of Austria passed the fourteen years of her life.

The Abbe de Vermond, the instructor of the Princess, did all in his power to inspire her with contempt of Parisian manners. When but fourteen years of age she was affianced as the bride

of young Louis, the grandson of Louis XV, and heir apparent to the throne. Neither of the youthful couple had ever seen the other. It was deemed expedient by the Cabinets of Versailles and Vienna that the two should be united in order to promote friendly alliance between France and Austria. The childish heart of the mirth-loving Princess was doubtless dazzled with the anticipations of the splendors which awaited her at Versailles and St. Cloud. But when she bade adieu to the gardens of Schoenbrun and left the scenes of her childhood, she entered upon one of the saddest careers of terror and suffering which mortal footsteps have ever trod.

The parting from her mother gave her no especial pain, for she had ever looked up to her as to a superior being to whom she was bound to render homage and obedience, rather than as to a mother around whom the affections of her heart were entwined. But with her natural regrets was mingled the bright anticipation of a glorious future—a future that seemed to stretch before her as fair as the meadows of *la belle France* that gleamed in the sun across the river, that day of farewell, when she stepped into the tapestried pavilion on the Rhine. She entered the doors an Austrian Princess; then, according to the quaint customs of her time, she doffed all the clothes of her own country, was dressed in garments sent from France, and left the pavilion a French woman. She laid aside all the sweet days of her childhood with the discarded Austrian dress, and emerged into the new life that seemed so roseate before her, whose darkness happily was hidden from her eyes.

NELL. INGRAM, A. L. S.

Nature in Lanier's Poetry.

O NATURE, inspirer of poets, what power is hidden within thee! Thou who throwest over us an ineffable veil, then lifteth us up, up, into a realm of dreams, where the body seems to fade into nothingness and only the spirit is left. Thou art the fount to which our poets have gone as to the very spring of inspiration. Not the poets of this age only but of all ages have found in thee that wherewith to make their souls sing. But though so many of our poets have gone to nature and "borne a song away" it is not the same song. Nature always gives us something—something new and yet old.

So we are not tired of hearing the songs of nature; we welcome Lanier although thousands have gone before, master-singers of the new as well as of the old world, Bryant, Emerson, Hayne and Timrod, as well as Wordsworth, Burns and Coleridge.

We have found that "nature speaks a various language;" she gives to each according to the demands of his own spirit. To Emerson she came as a great teacher, a manifestation of God. "The world is a remoter and inferior incarnation of God, a projection of God into the unconscious."

To Bryant she was everything, the sole inspirer of his verse.

To him * * * she spoke
A various language: for his gayer hours
She had a voice of gladness and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glided
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that stole away
Their sharpness, ere he was aware."

Coming to Paul Hamilton Hayne we find in him a worshipper of beauty, and where can more ideal beauty be found than in nature? Hayne did not aspire to be a moralist, though now and then he touched upon great spiritual truths; he described nature rather for its own sake. "He was content to dwell in the quiet realm of beauty as it appears," to use the words of Margaret J. Preston, "in the aromatic freshness of the woods,

the swaying incense of the cathedral-like isles of pines, the glint of lonely pools, and the brooding notes of leaf-hidden mocking-birds."

Timrod, unlike Hayne, described nature for the sake of some great truth or lesson. But this does not prove that he loved her less. Who can doubt his love when he reads lines like the following, which speak of "a beautiful recess in neighboring woods?"

"Thither I always bent my idle steps,
When griefs depressed, or joys disturbed my heart,
And found the calm I looked for, or returned
Strong with the quiet rapture in my soul."

We come now to that most eccentric of poets, Edgar Allan Poe. Poe can hardly be said to have described nature, though he does sometimes introduce a nature scene just to intensify a psychic impression, and to interpret in a way the story that he tells. For instance, in "The Fall of the House of Usher," our appreciation of the mental condition of the unhappy master is intensified by the sombre and mournful background to the story—the house, an image of desolation set in the midst of a gloomy and indescribably dreary landscape.

These nature scenes are not true descriptions of nature as Poe saw it in the world around him, but rather the picture that his unerring instinct divines as the perfect setting for the spiritual tragedy that his muse portrays.

But what did nature mean to Lanier? From early childhood, Lanier, born under the sunny southern sky, loved nature, and as he grew older this love deepened. "Trees and flowers and ferns revealed to him their mystic beauty, and, like Wordsworth, he found it easy, in the lily, the sunset, the mountain and the rosy hues of all life, to trace God."

Lanier looks upon nature as a teacher who reveals great things. He might have said with Wordsworth,

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

What he did say, though less magically succinct and perfect, yet scarcely less beautiful and poetic, shows the same Wordsworthian spirit.

"Friendly, sisterly, sweetheart leaves,
 Oh, rain me down from your darks that contain me
 Wisdoms ye winnow from winds that pain me,—
 Sift down tremors of sweet within sweet
 That advise me of more than they bring."

Right here we see Lanier's use of personification; he calls the leaves "friendly, sisterly, sweetheart leaves," and a little before he has called them "little masters." In this same poem almost everything—trees, marsh, sun—is personified.

Lanier had an artist's eye for the delicate forms and colors of nature. Here are the opening lines of *Corn*:

"To-day the woods are trembling through and through,
 With shimmering forms that flash before my view;
 Then melt in green as dawnstars melt in blue."

To Lanier all nature seemed instinct with life and being, and her slightest sound, which to him often seemed half-human, found a resonant answer in his ear.

"The copse-depths into little noises start,
 That sound anon like beatings of a heart,
 Anon like talk twixt lips not far apart."

And again:

"I start at fragmentary whispers, blown
 From understalks of leafy souls unknown,
 Vague purports sweet, of inarticulate sound."

One of Lanier's most popular poems is the "Song of the Chattahoochee;" this challenges comparison with Tennyson's "Brook." Although it lacks the exquisite workmanship of Tennyson's poems, it has what that lacks, a lofty moral purpose. In the "Brook" the stream runs ever seaward just because it is its nature to "go on forever," while in Lanier's poem the river, endowed with life and purpose, conscientiously keeps on seaward, where the voices of duty call it.

It staid not though

"The rushes cried Abide, abide,
 The ferns and the fondling said Stay,
 The dewberry dipped for to work delay."

It listened not to "the manifold fair tales the hickory told," nor heeded "the pine o'erleaning with flickering meaning and sign." It was not lured by the streaming lights of the ruby, the garnet and amethyst.

"The dry fields burn and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly plain from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall."

Lanier's last poem, "Sunrise," is his greatest. "On the emotional side it may be said to reach the highwater mark of poetic achievement in this country. Its emotion at times reaches the summits of poetic rapture."

It speaks not of the more obvious beauties of the sunrise, but of the mystical spirit that uplifts the true lover of nature at that hour when she offers her morning sacrifice of joy. The poem is just full of most beautiful lines that seem to express the very essence of the spirit that they describe. Can we not feel the ecstasy of the moment in lines like the following:

"Oh, what if a sound should be made!
Oh, what if a bound should be laid
To this bow-and-string tension of beauty and silence aspring—
To the bend of beauty the bow, or the hold of silence the string!

The beauty and silence is too great. We feel that it cannot last. The least sound, the least anything, and it "will break as a bubble o'erblown in a dream."

"But no: it is made: list! somewhere—mystery, where?
In the leaves! in the air!
In my heart! is a motion made:
'Tis a motion of dawn, like a flicker of shade on shade."
"Have a care, sweet Heaven! 'Tis Dawn."
"Good-morning, lord Sun!"

SALLIE E. JONES, C. L. S.

Deep Philosophy in the Kitchen.

SOME PEOPLE call me a dreamer of dreams; but, in reality, I am convinced that I am a philosopher. If I were not, I would have become one since arriving at the Normal School; for I am brought in contact with such great minds: I nearly always have Bacon for breakfast, my very bread undergoes Browning, Emerson is among us, and I have never before heard so much Kant.

Philosophy spelled backwards means cook, and cook means philosophy.

Only twice I have had the opportunity of displaying my culinary skill. The cook left; so I decided to cook the biscuits for supper.

I am not conceited; but in justice to myself I must confess that I never saw any thing to equal these biscuits. They were as hard as my sense. At first I thought that I had put all of the flour on myself; but when the bread was done, I discovered all of it was on the outside of the biscuits. I know the pig enjoyed them; for the family was so self-sacrificing as to leave all of them for him. As I am not a Hessler-Smith, I have not been able to discover the chemical changes this dough underwent.

My mother left home last summer to visit some relatives, and I kept house for her while she was away.

Housekeeping if done philosophically is very fascinating.

I am hygienic, so I do not object to airing my bed thoroughly all day.

Worry kills more than work, and work is hard on the nerves; consequently I did not worry if breakfast was not ready at nine o'clock, and I had compassion for the servant. Every good deed has its reward, and once in my life I enjoyed the artistic effects of disorder.

The one cake which my mother left soon became a thing of the past, and we became so cake-hungry that we were driven to desperation.

To think of waiting three long days and four hours for her return. This meant hungering for one slice of cake seventy-six

hours! I read the effective rhyme, "Just One Grain of Corn, Mother." By my intense hunger for just one slice of cake I realized that boy's suffering so keenly that my mouth watered. Ann and I laid a deep plot; we would construct a cake according to latest and most scientific methods. Like most excellent cooks, Ann had never made a cake.

She said as we were inexperienced we ought to attack one of Mrs. Rorer's "common cakes." I scorned such an idea. As I am aristocratic, I hate common things.

Longfellow's "The Building of the Ship" rather appealed to me when I was a child, and I have always thought the building of a cake would be similar. I would make it straight, and stanch, and strong. I knew it would be a masterpiece. My heart was in this work, and "the heart giveth the grace unto every art."

The evening arrived for the performance of this feat. Never did a Napoleon prepare a campaign more thoroughly than I did this cake-making one. I sent my little sister to visit, and locked the doors in order to keep out envious visitors; for with great labors a person's mind must be concentrated. If there be interruptions this can not be done, and who could be a philosopher without time to meditate? If our cake were a success, all of the world should know it; but if not, mother-earth alone would know our dark secret, for we would mournfully bury it. Mrs. Rorer's cook-book is so incomplete that she gives no receipt for a philosopher's cake, and as I am also angelic, I decided the only suitable cake for me to undertake was angels' food.

We followed directions carefully. While Ann mixed the component parts, I, with a vessel containing the albuminous substance of the eggs on my knee, whipped it thoroughly. I felt justly proud of myself; for as I sat in the sunlight these beaten eggs seemed like a miniature glacier now, with its snowy whiteness tinged by the radiant colors of the sun. Mrs. Rorer says if the cake ticks loudly to put it back into the stove, for it is not done. Our cake ticked. Ann at least imagined it did. She is a Christian Scientist, so there is not any difference between her imagination and facts.

There was more dough on the outside than on the inside of the pan. We took it out of the stove. It was a beauty. The

rich brown color of the cake gradually blended into an ebony black.

I longed now to be a teacher, so I could explain the depressions and mountains in the earth's crust, with my cake as an example. It was unique.

Ann was dejected. She said that the cake had fallen. I cheered her by reminding her that Adam fell too; so why should we grieve over a fallen cake. I like solid things.

The next cake had an individuality peculiarly its own. When it was taken out of the pan it broke into every conceivable geometrical figure. Every side of the triangles seemed base. O, horrors; it was not only a scrambled cake, but it was also very rare.

The world never appreciates the greatest accomplishments of her children: Keats died thinking his "name was writ on water;" Socrates drank the hemlock; Napoleon died at St. Helena; and our cake was not eaten.

E. WINIFRED BROWN.



The Bridge of Sighs,

(With apologies to Thomas Hood.)

One more unfortunate
Taking a rest;
Rashly importunate
Flunked on a test!
Wink at her tenderly—
She studied not—
“Cramming” so slenderly
Of course she forgot.

Has she a mind, or—
Just as you thought her—
Blankness you find for
The brain you ought to?
For those who are knowing know
They’ve had no showing, so
Heartless they’ve caught her!

The bleak wind of March
Makes her shiver and tremble,
But what takes her starch
Is in class to assemble.
Mad from U. S. History
Sick of Math’s mystery—
Gets for her fun
Settings on, settings on,
From everyone!

Wink at her tenderly,
She studied not—
“Cramming” so slenderly
Of course, she forgot!

MAMIE E. FLETCHER.

A Reverie.

YES, I AM now a dignified senior, with many serious and solemn thoughts; some about our Training School, others how I am to introduce Manual Training, Physical Training, and lay proper stress on Play as a factor of education in the rural district schools of our State. But with all this preying on my gray-matter I often find time to think over the interesting happenings of my first three years of school work here—how I made the highest mark on First A Gymnasium, how I cried when I failed on my *first* Algebra test, and how I tried to read Latin, dream Latin, and occasionally attempted to ride a Latin pony—not trying to (e)lope, however, for only once during my school life has any romance entered. But this made a lasting impression. Even after learning in Psychology that minor things must be forgot in order to remember the more important ones this event has been stamped indelibly.

Never shall I forget the Friday afternoon when a servant brought up that white square envelope addressed to me! At first I was so dumbfounded that I could not believe it was really intended for me. But my room-mate read it and assured me that it was mine.

The note read:

“My Dear Miss ——: If no previous engagement I should be delighted to have the divine pleasure of calling this evening.

Sincerely,
_____.”

The matron sent word that if I was in a heavenly frame of mind he could have that divine pleasure. After spoiling several envelopes I decided I didn't like my paper anyway, so I borrowed some from my neighbor and made my first engagement at school.

The two hours before supper were long ones, however. It was an opportunity to see whether I looked better in Mollie's pink dress or Sarah's red waist and girdle with my blue skirt. Somehow, I didn't care especially for supper, neither did I go to prayers, but came straight to my room, accompanied by several girls who were to help me dress for the eventful hour. With

so much help I was soon ready, even though I did have to change at the last minute and wear the pink dress because Sarah's girdle was too small.

Mr. ——— was rather late in calling, and kept me waiting an hour, to which I added fifteen minutes after he came, so as not to appear anxious to see him. This fifteen minutes' wait was Sarah's inspired suggestion.

When I left my room I was fully conscious of the fact that my limbs were trembling dreadfully. However, I tried to appear composed. But when I opened the parlor door, where about a dozen girls were jabbering away, I felt somewhat dizzy, and in some way stepped on my dress and tore the ruffle. In stooping to pin the ruffle I knocked over a chair. As for the remainder of the evening, I dare not give an account. Anyway, this was my first evening in the parlor, and it might be well to add here that it was my last.

Ah, these thoughts of my earlier school days bring up "things of which I may not speak, dreams that cannot die." But I must not be dreaming; for the next period I must teach phonetics in the second grade.

LUCY MANSON, A. L. S.

The School Teacher's Alphabet.

- A—for Ambition to teach in a school.
B—for the Board which appoints, as a rule.
C—is for Classes and numbering eight.
D—for Delight when you enter that state.
E—is for Earnestness throughout your work.
F—for the Failures which everywhere lurk.
G—is for Gold for which you toil long.
H—for the "Heathens" who often go wrong.
I—is for Ideals at Institutes given.
J—for the Job which gives you a livin'.
K—is for Kicking, more salary to get.
L—for the Little you're working for yet.
M—for the money paid for clothes and for shoes.
N—for the Need of good books to peruse.
O—for an Offer to teach for more pay.
P—for the Place which you take right away.
Q—for the Quarter when salaries are due.
R—for the Rapture the same gives to you.
S—for the Studies you're given to teach.
T—for the Time that you spent upon each.
U—is for Unrest while school sessions last.
V—for Vacation which passes so fast.
W—for Weather, too hot to begin.
X—for Xcessive; you think it a sin.
Y—is for Youngsters you have to "put through."
Z—is for Zigzag, the course they pursue.

J. C. M.

EDITORIALS.

THE GUIDON is very desirous of becoming an alumnæ as well as a student organ. It is to this end that we earnestly appeal to all alumnæ girls to show that they still have the keenest interest in their Alma Mater by contributing to THE GUIDON. We are endeavoring to make our school magazine attractive and to place it on a firm footing. We need the liberal support of the alumnæ as well as of the students. Be enthusiastic; it will give us inspiration.

From the attractive posters seen on the bulletin board every week we conclude that the literary societies in school are doing some extremely instructive and interesting work. These societies were organized only sixteen months ago, and are now legal corporations, both having received charters from the Legislature of Virginia. A literary society has an important sphere of its own, and the fact that we need another is almost too obvious to mention. There are four hundred girls eligible to membership in a literary society and only two societies in school, each limited to fifty members. We hope that the students will have sufficient good sense to do away with this condition. Surely the success of the societies existing now is enough to spur some of the three hundred to action.

If the coming of spring doesn't inspire our Poets to burst into rhyme "about the breezes as blows-s, and the roses as grows-s," then indeed the Editors will be forced to conclude that we need—another pair of scissors and a bigger pot of paste. "Nô extra charge, Mr. Boffin, for dropping into poetry in a friendly way."

Two more months before graduation-day. It is now that the seniors have the blues. They have four years of mistakes to look back upon, with many regrets. They see how much better they could have done this and how foolish they were in

that other. Cheer up, Seniors, you have the consciousness of duty well performed. You are not the only class which has had this same set of blues. It is only by experience that we learn—and remember,

“It were better youth
Should strive through acts uncouth
Toward making, than repose upon
Aught found made.”

Once more “The Virginian” staff has been elected, and is now hard at work. If report be true we will have a “Virginian” this year which will be worthy of our Seniors. We wish them as much success as we hope for ourselves with THE GUIDON.

The present system of sending out bi-weekly reports to the students has done some effective work. It is a satisfaction to the student to have something to show for the gray matter which she has spent—if she has done so; if not, it is an inspiration to her to be up and doing. A girl knows what kind of work she is doing, but it is worth a good deal to her to know that her name is not on the black list of the past two weeks.

It may mean more work for the instructors. But is not the improved scholarship worth it?

In issuing this number of our magazine we have greatly missed the able assistance of Zaidee Smith, one of our former editors-in-chief, who graduated in January. She was one who strove with untiring zeal against the many difficulties of starting a magazine. Even though her help is greatly missed, we shall endeavor to have her place filled as best we can, so that THE GUIDON of her Alma Mater will be one of which she may ever be proud.

Perhaps there is no one gladder to welcome spring than we school-girls who have been housed up, so to speak, all winter long. Not only does this remind us that June is coming, but also that the time for tennis and archery is here. The skating club has had its fun for this term, and basket-ball will not be so popular now, for outdoor sports are more in vogue.

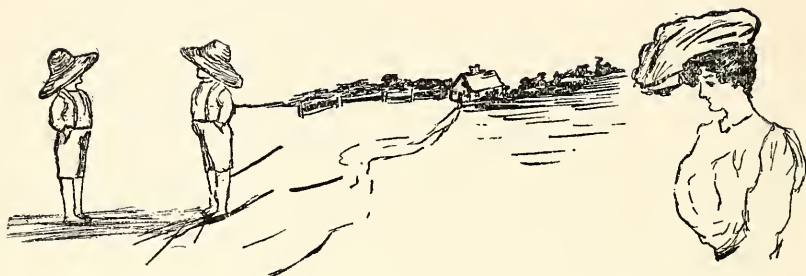
It is hoped that the Archery Club of last spring will be reorganized, and show again that girls can, with their sharp-pointed arrows, hit the mark aimed at as well as any one.

The tennis clubs have already begun their work, and as vacation approaches the interest in the *court* and *games of love* will no doubt intensify.

We who love our school so dearly and are trying to raise its standard to the top notch and keep it there should remember that the success of a school depends to a great extent on the school spirit manifested by its students. A man incapable of enthusiasm is not a man, but a corpse; so it is with a school without the right interest manifested by its student body. What would have become of our great nation had it not been for her enthusiastic patriots? A country can prosper just as well without patriotism as a school without school spirit. Let us strive to perfect this essential in our school.

Mrs. Cocheran has assumed the responsibilities as head of our home, thus lightening the heavy burden which Miss Cox had borne so nobly. Even though Mrs. Cocheran has been here only a short time she has by her gentle manner and kind words won the hearts of the girls.

ALUMNAE.



Courtney Taylor is teaching at Mattoax, Va.

Otelia Harvie has resumed her musical studies. She is making a specialty of music under Proff. Harr, of Richmond, Va.

Fannie Berkeley has a position as teacher in one of the schools in Salem, Va.; a position that she has filled with honor for eight years.

Mary Berkeley is teaching in Roanoke, Va.

Etta Sampson and Inez Clary are both teachers in the public school of Manchester, Va.

Mrs. Samuel Barnett is spending the winter with her mother in Amelia, Va. Mrs. Barnett, formerly Miss Lelia Jefferson Harvey, class 1892, taught for some time in the State Normal School, Farmville, Va., and afterwards took a degree from Cornell University. Her home is at Leland Stanford University, Cal.

Bessie Rice is teaching at Blackstone, Va.

Neville Watkins is principal of a graded school in Barton Heights, Va.

Bessie Wells, Lola Mayo and Clara O'Brien are teaching in the public school of Manchester, Va.

Mrs. George Davidson is living in Manchester, Va.

Harriet Hankens is spending the winter at her home in Williamsburg, Va.

Mary Jackson and Kellog Holland were teaching at Rice, Va. Their school has closed, and Mary Jackson will take Anna

Cunningham's place in the Farmville graded school for the remainder of the term.

Carrie Hix is teaching in a public school just outside of Farmville, Va.

Miss Blackiston, class '02, taught two years at the State Normal School, and is now teaching at Hampton, Va.

Genevieve Venable has a position as teacher in a school at Hilo, Sandwich Islands.

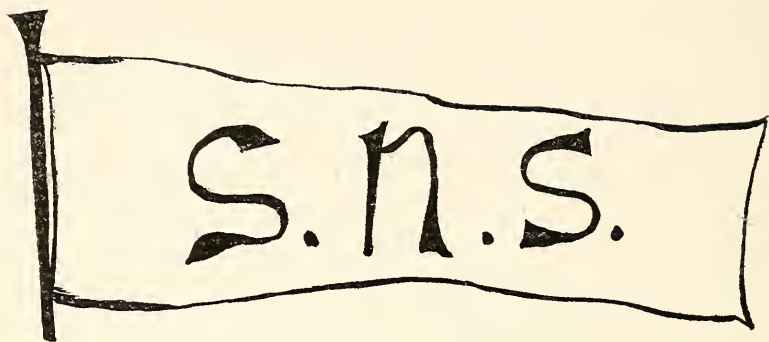
Robbie Blair Berkeley has a large music class at her home in Farmville, Va.

Janie Crute, class February, '05, passed through Farmville on her way to Cope, South Carolina, where she will teach three little girls.

Alice Welsh has recently accepted a position to teach in the High School of Richmond, Va.

Mrs. M. L. Bonham (formerly Odelle Warren) is now living at 800 S. Boome St., Wilmington, New Jersey.





Locals.

Olive Hinman recently spent a few days in Richmond. While there she assisted Miss Lillian Baird, of Jellico, Tenn., in the installation of Iota Chapter of Zeta Tau Alpha. Miss Baird returned with her and spent a day or two in Farmville.

Mr. E. E. Jones spent several days this month visiting friends in Norfolk.

In our February class there were nineteen graduates. The exercises were held January 27th, 28th and 29th. Notable among the events of the occasion was an address to the class by Hon. R. E. Withers, of Suffolk. Immediately after the delivery of diplomas a delightful banquet was given to the graduates.

On the evening of January 27th a reception was given in honor of the graduating class. More than five hundred invitations were issued, and from nine to twelve President and Mrs. Jarman, assisted by Mrs. Cochran, Miss Cox and Miss Cochran, gave cordial welcome to the guests.

Over our student body is hovering a spirit of anticipation, perhaps apprehension. Reports for the past term are being sent home to parents, and we don't know yet whether to ask for spring suits or to prepare for tears.

Fannie Wolf and Katharine Grayson, two of our "old" girls, are back for the new term, after having taught one year.

The Comity Club, of Hampden Sidney, gave a brilliant german on the evening of the second. Those of our girls who attended were: Annie Lancaster, Ruth Schmelz, Fannie Marston, March

Edmunds, Louise Cox, Frankie McKinney, Hattie Kelley, Mary Watkins, Lucile Pleasants, Juliet Hundley, Mary Spenser.

Miss Harrison gave a delightful "At Home" to a number of the girls on February 10th.

St. Valentine's evening Miss Cox entertained the Faculty at "Hearts."

One of the most interesting debates of the term was heard before the Cunningham Literary Society, the subject being "Resolved, That a Lie is Sometimes Justifiable." It is perhaps reassuring to some of our readers to learn that the decision was in favor of the affirmative. Did you ever hear the answer the five-year-old boy gave to the question, "What is a lie?" He had a good memory, and as he had just come from Sunday School, answered promptly, "A lie is an abomination in the sight of the Lord, and a very present help in time of trouble." The Argus Society argued the relative merits of the State Normal School and the University of Virginia. They reached the very obvious conclusion that the Normal is doing more good in the State than "ye ancient seat of knowledge."

On the seventeenth Louise Cox entertained some of her friends from the Normal and Hampden Sidney at the home of Mrs. J. L. Richardson.

Some of the "goats" of the different sororities are: Sigma Sigma—Annie Lancaster, Merle Abbit; Kappa Delta—Nan Nicholson, Bruce Morton, Frances Lewelling; Zeta Tau Alpha—Janet Duvall, Sallie Rice, Steptoe Campbell, Margaret Brydon, Helen Jordan, Lizzie Kizer; Alpha Sigma Alpha—Georgie Newby, Luciphine Everett, Bessie Ferguson, Margaret Patterson, Lillie Everett.

Miss Lancaster entertained the Sigma Sigma Sigma Sorority in honor of Kathleen Price and Annie Lancaster.

Mr. Jones and Miss Freeborn, of the Faculty, and Frankie McKinney attended the inauguration.

“In Lighter Vein.”

“Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily H-e-n-t the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.”

SHAKSPERE.

Lulu Su-th-b-n, at dinner table.—“Well, now, at home there is an old maid who looks as young and beautiful and attractive as I do.”

Miss Original (quoting on Geography paper): “Predestination is the thief of time!”

“Where can I get some writing paper?”

“Down town at Chappell’s.”

“Oh, yes, he’s the stationary man, isn’t he?”

Miss Blank.—“What’s all that noise?”

Miss Smarty.—“The Annual staff is holding a meeting.”

Of all sad words of tongue or pen—
The saddest are, “I’m set on again.”

Did you ever hear this before?

“Possibly, possibly, I hadn’t thot.”

Or this?

“Mornin’, gentleman; hold on a minute.”

Or this?

“Have you girls any questions for me today? If not, I have some for you. Get out paper and pencil please.”

And this?

“I don’t mean a bit of harm, but how does this appeal to you?”

This?

“In my opinion.”

“In other words.”

And this?

“Hello, cousin.”

Or this?

“Honey darling presh, help me write this paper.”

In Bible Class.—M. H-w-r-d: "Who was Lot?"

M. N-w-c-m-e: "She was Abram's wife."

[Signs of suppressed mirth.]

M. N-w-c-m-e (indignantly): "I know it does say in the Bible Lot she was turned to a pillar of salt. I know she was Abram's wife."

"What's the latest?"

"Mr. Mattoon is going to take a special course in Manual Training here."

J-r-e C-p-m.—"Maggie, are you going to join any fraternities?"

Maggie.—"You have to be asked first."

J-r-e C-p-m.—"Do you sure enough?"

The new girls who came in January are still wondering why they were asked to sign a pledge stating that they would marry as soon as they got through school, or else teach two years.

"Last week a certain class in school studied French, talked in French, dreamed in French, and are now wondering why they failed in French."

Teacher.—"In this sentence, 'The tiger seized his prey,' why do you refer to 'tiger' as masculine?"

Senior A (waving hand wildly).—"Why, Miss A! Because tigers have such manlike qualities—they're so ferocious!"

Religion in the Second Grade.—Matter-of-fact Boy: "Well, Miss A-k-s-n, if Gawd didn't want Adam and Eve to eat the apples, what'd he put 'em in their way for?"

Dr. J.—"Summarizing, young ladies, we find that this great educator believed that a man should not marry until he was thirty, or a woman until she was eighteen, and—"

Miss S. (interrupting)—"Dr. J——, what would become of the young widows."

Dr. J.—"Class excused."

Girl.—"May I go up to Uncle Pat's?"

Matron.—"How long do you wish to stay with your relative?"

Teacher (in Training School).—"George Washington was such a great and good man—"

First Grader (interrupting).—"Was he a Methodist?"

Don't judge a girl's popularity by the notes she gets.

QUERY.

E-m B-n-s.—"Clara, how much do those fillings in your kodac cost?"

Miss W-h-t-n-g.—Miss H-l-e-s, what is the purport of this sentence?

Miss H-l-es.—It is sad. His thoughts were of Heaven.

Ethel.—"How do you spell potato?"

"Well, I have been spelling it p-o-t-a-t-t-o all of my life.

Dr. W. (pointing to a kimona).—"Miss P., I recognize you by your delmonico.



Since our last issue we have had an important election of officers. Flora Thompson was elected president, De Berniere Smith vice-president, Mary Schofield recording secretary, Henrietta Dunlap corresponding secretary, and Dorothy Rogers treasurer.

The Association observed the World's Day of Prayer, February 12th, in holding a very interesting service in the afternoon and an appropriate preparatory service the afternoon before.

After the regular program on February 18th a recognition service was held. Two new members were added to our number, and were badged with Y. W. C. A. ribbons. We are glad to welcome them into our number.

Every Wednesday night after study hours a fifteen-minute prayer-meeting is held in one of the class-rooms. The meetings are well attended, and a great deal of interest is shown in them. The leader for the week always volunteers at the previous meeting.

Miss Reynolds has resigned as chairman of the Missionary Committee, and Miss Rice has been elected to fill her place.

The number of members of the Mission Study Class has increased so that it has been found advisable to divide the class into two sections, one-half meeting on Monday and the other half on Tuesday of each week.

EXCHANGES.

“We turned o’er many books together.”

We are glad to have received exchanges from several colleges. As we are yet so young, we feel that we are helped by these exchanges and by any kind of criticism.

Among the first to reach us was the January *Gray Jacket*. This is an excellent number, containing interesting and well written fiction well interspersed with poetry.

The initial number of the *War-Whoop* shows that it is in competent hands. We hope, though, that the editors will not be too elated to see that there is much room for improvement in the line of fiction and poetry.

The *Randolph-Macon Monthly* for March opens with the poem “My Heart’s in the Fields,” which is one of the best we have seen in any of the magazines. It is filled with a true love of nature.

The March number of the *Southern Collegian* is one of the best exchanges received. “The Value of Criticism” is an excellent article. The plot of the story “Taming Cupid” is interesting and well worked out.

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* for February, the *Monthly Chronicle* for March and the *Tattler* for March.

Advertisements





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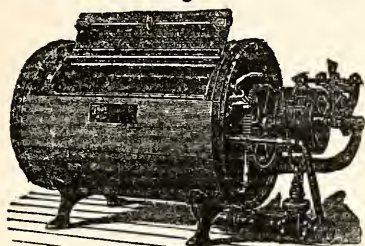
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